



The French in a Fright.

A New SONG, on a Second-hand Subject.

*The King of France, with Thirty Thousand Men,
Went to the South, and then ——— return'd again.*

I.
SINCE England was England, sure never was known
Such Feats e'er perform'd as are now a-days done;
Expeditions so secret, so wonderful stout,
And so nimble withal, that they're home soon as out.
Derry down, down, &c.

II.
Lord, they'll run you to France, reconnoitre the Coast,
And be back in a Jerk, and without a Ship lost;
For when Seasons are late, Sir, we're not quite so fishy,
To tumble about in that damn'd Bay of Biscay.
Derry down, &c.

III.
Besides, should we keep on their dangerous Coast,
And be forced on Shore, e'ry Soul wou'd be lost;
Militia, and Guns, and the Devil knows what,
Oh! Fire, Blood and Nowns, we should all go to Pot.
Derry down, &c.

IV.
But, Thanks to our Stars, we had Councils of War,
And Councils of War, Sir, are now very far
From Fighting at all: Sir, they're only design'd
To keep your Bones whole, tho' your Eyes they may blind.
Derry down, &c.

V.
In these Councils, the new Art of War was approv'd,
A Method so justly admir'd and belov'd,
To frighten an Enemy out of their Senses,
With Nothing at all, but mere Sham and Pretences.
Derry down, &c.

VI.
On my Word, Gents, it was vastly pretty to see
How the Land and the Ocean in this did agree;
There was nothing but Yes, Sir, and Ay, Sir, that's right,
The French are too strong for our Handfull to fight.
Derry down, &c.

VII.
Is it not mighty clever? Can any gain say?
To fight in this Clement, this Byngified Way?
To bring our Ships home, and our Men too, quite stout,
And before it was known what they had been about.
Derry down, &c.

VIII.
I believe Folks wou'd grumble, be Things how they wou'd,
But, begging their Pardon, I don't hold it good;
Six Hundred French Pris'ners you quickly, will see,
Chelsea-College to guard, Alamode a Paris.
Derry down, &c.

IX.
Some say that no Service can come of this Prize,
But let any one think, do they talk very wise?
Useless Mouths! no such thing, for they're surely of Use,
To eat up our Bread, Sir, and French introduce.
Derry down, &c.

X.
God prosper King George, and preserve him from Harm,
And whenever he pleases the next Fleet to arm,
May no Councils of War, if they're Councils of Cowards,
Be approv'd, tho' they're council'd by none but the ———.
Derry down, &c.

*Alas! what Perils do environ
The Man that meddles with cold Iron.*

HUD.